



colorlo.

FIRST LETTER FROM THOMAS STEVENS FROM THE CUTER WORLD.

THE APRICAN EXPLORER STOPS AT AN ANGIENT ARABIAN TOWN ON HIS WAY TO THE HEART OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

SEE THE SUNDAY Y

NELLIE BLY'S INTERVIEWS—SKETCHES AND POR-TRAITS OF THE LADIES OF THE CABINET.

PRICE ONE CENT.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1889.

ERICSSON GONE.

End of a Long Life of Incalculable Benefit to Mankind.

"Give Me Rest" the Last Words of the Noble Old Inventor.

The Monitor His Great Boon to America?

He Died Early This Morning at His Home in Beach Street-

After a long life of incalculable usefulness Capt. John Ericsson has paid the debt to



CAPT. JOHN ERICSSON.

The great engineer died peacefully early this morning at 36 Beach street, his home since 1862. The house is an old-fashioned, large-roomed brick structure, with heavy green blinds and white portals.

Surrounding the bedside of the dying engineer and inventor were his private secretary, S. W. Taylor, who had served him thirty years; V. F. Lassoe, his superintending engineer; Dr. Boulee and a professional

Although John Ericsson would have been eighty-six years old on July 31 next, he had been an exceedingly robust man, energetic and untiring in his work, up to a very few weeks ago, when a change began to be visiweeks ago, when a change began to be visible. Two weeks ago the old Captain began to fail rapidly, an old kidney difficulty troubling him. But he would not submit to any restriction of his activity until Tuesday night, life had gradually lost strength and appetite, and was weak for days that he had to be helped about the house.

Wednesday morning he yielded to the entreaties of Mr. Taylor and did not arise. Dr. Markoe was called in in consultation with Dr. Boulee, but it was evident that the giant was nearing his end.

He died at 12.39 o'clock this morning, conscious and cheerful to the last. Yesterday

scious and cheerful to the last. Yesterday morning he was out of bed, but his final dis-

solution began perceptibly at noon.
"Am I going to die?" he asked Dr. Boulee without the slightest accent of fear or regret. The rest is beautiful! Give me rest!" These were the last words of the dying man, and a few minutes later the stout heart

stopped its beating.

The funeral services will take place Monday morning, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix officiating. The body will be placed in a receiving want in Second street, preparatory to being taken to Sweden for final interment.

John Ericsson leaves no immediate family. Many years ago he married an English woman, but she died childless more than a

woman, but she died childless more than a quarter of a century ago.

Ericsson was born in the province of Wermlaud. Sweden, July 31, 1893. His father, Olof Ericsson, was the proprietor of mines; his mother, Sophie, was the daughter of an ironmaster, Nils. In 1839 Capt. Ericsson came to America, and he died in a capacious chamber on the second floor of his American home.

Capt. Ericsson took it for his home just when his name became famous as the maker

Capt. Ericsson took it for his home just when his name became famous as the maker of the Monitor, which was launched in exactly 100 days from the day its keel plate was laid. Its duel to the death with the Confederate Merrimac at Hampton Roads is the most famous naval battle of history. It saved the Union fleet from destruction, and the Legislature of this State sents beautifully engrossed resolution of commendation to the great engineer who had made that success possible.

In the expansive parlor of the Beach street

In the expansive parlor of the Beach street home hangs this resolution in a gilt frame, and all about the room are models and pieces of fine mechanism, the product of the fertile and busy brain of the master.

When Capt. Ericsson took up his residence in Beach street it was a highly aristocratic neighborhood. His windows looked out upon St. John's Park, one of the handsomest parks the city ever had. His neighbors included the Lords, the Lillienthals and Rev. Morean J. Dix.

cluded the Lords, the Lillienthals and Rev. Morgan J. Dix.

The site of St. John's Park is now filled with the Hudson street freight depot of the New York Central Railway, and the grand old houses of the neighborhood are tene-

capt. Ericsson had never a relation in America, but he has naphewe and nieces in-numerable in Sweden. Among the nephews are Baron John Ericsson. Governor of a Swedish province, with his seat at Ostersund; Col. Carl Ericsson and Prof. Odhner, of Lon-

don. Baron Eriesson was notified of the illness

of his uncle, and a cablegram was received from him to day. It said:

Present my affectionate salutation for Capt. Ericsson, and my hope for his seen recovery. Ericsson, and my hope for his soon recovery.

Capt. Ericsson's brain was a mighty and a wreatile one. It comprehended everything in mechanics, and while his inventions incia ded the "Novelty" locomotive at a time when the power of steam was just beginning to be appreciated and utilized, and the monitor-turret ship, it also had a niche for smaller things, and the name of the great Swede is a household word as the inventor of the Little Domest of Pumper—"the power of a servant girl," but of universal usefulness. Hundreds of thousands of these little machines are in use to day for elevating water to the tops of brildings.

When the Resper overtook him, Capt.

Ericsson was busily engaged in the manufacture of useful inventions and the perfection of others. He worked at the Delamater Iron Works and had a cerps of assistants under the direction of V. F. Lassoe. It is pleasant to be able to say that the inventor had so thoroughly inducted his aids into his schemes that not one of his ideas will be lost, as they will be able to complete every one of his inventions in process of development.

Of these the principal one is an atmospheric engine, technically a solar engine and sun motor, whereby the god of day is to be put in harness for the use of man for the propulation of small machinery.

When John Ericsson was only ten years old he constructed a miniature saw-mill and and pumping machine, which attracted the attention of Count Platen, chief of the great ship canal intersecting the Scandinavian Peninsula, and at twelve, the boy was made a cade of mechanical engineers, and next year a leveller on the canal. At seventeen, Ensign Ericsson, of the Swedish army, became a lieutenant in recognition of the merit of his military maps by King Charles John (Bernadotte).

At twenty-two Lieut, Ericsson constructed

nadotte).

At twenty-two Lieut, Ericsson constructed a fisme engine of 16-horse power, and next year went to London to introduce his machine, resigning his commission on a promotion to a cantainey.

a name engine of 16-horse power, and next year went to London to introduce his machine, resigning his commission on a promotion to a captaincy.

Capt. Ericsson never returned to his native land, but for thirteen years he labored in England, producing forty machines, a third of which were patented.

These inventions were of the widest diversity and utility. Among them were a file-cutting device; an instrument, still in use, for taking soundings at sea; a hydrostatic weighing machine, an apparatus for making salt from brine, a pumping engine, a rotary steam-engine and a system of artificial draught for steam boilers, dispensing with huge smoke-stacks and economizing fuel.

In 1828 he applied on the Victory the principle of condensing steam and returning the water to the boiler, and in 1832 he gave to the Corsair the centrifugal fan-blowers now generally used in American steam vessels. In 1836 he introduced the link motion for reversing steam engines on the locomotives King William and Adelaide, and in 1834 he superheated steam in an engine on the Regent's Canal Basin.

It was in his twenty-sixth year that Ericason won the prize and "far exceeded all competitors" in the competition opened by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway for competing locomotives, though he was only seven weeks in planing and building his engine, the Novelty.

The London Times of Oct. 8, 1829, in an editorial declared that "it was the lightest and most elegant carriage on the road yeaterday, and the velocity with which it moved surprised and anaszed every beholder. It shot along the line at the amazing rate of thirty miles an hour." But Stephenson's Rocket proved superior in point of traction.

The same vear, sixty years ago, Ericsson constructed a steam fire-engine and its first work was the extinguishing of a fire in the Argyle Rooms.

Ericsson came to Americain 1839 and in 1840 the Mechanic's Institute of this city was

Argyle Rooms.

Ericsson came to America in 1839 and in 1840 the Mechanic's Institute, of this city, gave him its large gold medal for best system of

him its large gold medal for best system of fire-engines.

In 1833 Ericason astounded the scientific world of London with his famous caloric engine, which was the forerunper of the caloric ship Ericason, of 2,060 tons burden and 250 feet long, which made the trip from New York to Washington and back in 1853. Though economical of fuel the heatedsir motor was not speedy enough at sea for commercial purposes, nor to compete on any large scale with steam, it has been applied successfully in more than six thousand engines to minor useful purposes—pumping, printing, hoisting, grinding, telegraph instruments and sewing-machines.

The second Rumford medals were awarded to Ericsson by the American Academy of Arts and Science for his improvements in the arrangement of heat as exemplified in his caloric engine of 1858.

arrangement of heat as exemplined in his caloric engine of 1958.

In 1837 Ericsson built a tug 40 feet by 80, with three feet draught, having two propellers or 5½ feet diameter. He invited the British Admiralty to inspect it, and towed their barge at a rapid rate: but their lordships declared solemnly that as the motive power was in the stern the tug could not be steered!

The Princeton, the first naval vessel that over carried her machinery under the water-ine out of reach of hostile shot, was the in-cention of Capt. Ericason for 1841. In it were vention of agr. Extrason for 1931. In a were a direct-acting steam engine of unusual compactness, a telescopic smoke-stack, a centrifugal blower in the hold and a gun-carriage, with machinery for taking up the recoil, all inventions of the master, the Princeton revolutionized the construction of naval yes-

revolutionized the construction of naval vessels.

Next came the Monitor, the first turreted vessel. In 1854 Ericsson offered the idea to Napoleon, and in 1861 he proposed it to the Federal Navy Department. It was accepted, and by extraordinary energy and skill it was raised from keel to completion in 160 days, and on March 9, 1862, it arrived in Hampton Roads and pitched into the Confederate iron-clad Merrimac, which had destroyed the Cumberland and the Congress and was about to sink or disperse the balance of the Northern fleet.

sink or disperse the balance of the Northern fleet.

The Monitor speedily whipped the rebel Mertinac, and the whole course of the war was changed. A fleet of iron-clads of the Monitor style was built, and 629 hot shot which struck a fleet of them in Charleston Harbor eight weeks later failed to make a hote in one of them. The Confederate ram Atlanta was captured and the Nashville was destroyed by the turret ships.

Ericsson's latest scheme was an iron vessel 130 feet long with a submarine 16-inch gun 30 feet long, discharging a projectile of 1,500 pounds weight and containing 300 pounds of gun cotton. This vessel he called the Destroyer, for it was designed to destroy even his own heretotore impregnable invention in naval warfare, for the projectile was to be hurled against the hull of an ironelad beneat the water line armor belt with such effect that the water-tight compartments would be of no avail.

Ericsson's contributions to the Philadel-phia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 has been described in a 606 quarto-page volume, and it would be futile to attempt even a cursory

description of his work.

He had an invention for the computation of the sun's rays; thirteen years ago he was able to announce that the herstefore accepted theory that the moon had no water was an error; the water-guage is his, and a thousand other inventions.

other inventions.

Though Capt. Ericsson left his native land when but a youth, Sweden honored him by the erection in 1867 of a great grantte monument quarried by the unpaid labor of the miners. The monument stands before the mansion of his father and bears these words: John Erlesson was born here in 1803.

A Remarkable Telegraph Feat. ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD, I NEWARK, N. J., March 8,—An extraordinary

feat in fast telegraphing was performed yester-day by the Postal Telegraph Company.

A telegram was filed at their office on Market a selegram was flied at their office on Market, street at noon, addressed to a gentleman on a Canadian Pacific train, which left Winnipeg last Tuesday. The telegram overtook the train about fifty miles east of Van Courve, British Columbia, and an answer was received in Newark at 2.45 F. M.

Making Baseball By-Laws. The Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Baseball Club met at 149 Broadway late this afternoon to consider and report on the constitu-

TO BE HANGED. IS IT JACOBUS?

Judge Cowing Decides that Method | Hailed at the Custom-House as Next of Execution Still Legal.

Mr. Howe's Plea Does Not Save Nolan from Sentence.

Emma Buch's Murderer to Explate His Crime April 26.

James Nolan, who was convicted of murder in the first degree in killing Emma Buch on Nov. 20 last, was brought before Judge Cowing in Part II. of the Court of General Sessions to-day

or sentence. Nolan, who is a young man of twenty-four, was neatly dressed, and his clean-shaven face was deathly white. His wide-open blue eyes sought the Judge's face and kept steadily fixed

The usual questions were put to the prisoner and he was asked what he had to say. Lawyer Howe arose, dignified and important. He moved for an arrest of judgment, making an elaborate argument.

He claimed that the amendment of the

tatute relating to death by electricity, which became a law in June last, provided for no pun-ishment for crimes committed after that time

became a law in June last, provided for no punishment for orimes committed after that time and before Jan. 1, 1889, when the new law went into effect.

The paint of Mr. Howe's argument was that the Legislature cannot amend a statute and at the same time continue in existence the original statute as it stood before the amendment.

By the amendment he said there was left no provision for the punishment of persons whose trial took place after Jan. 1, when the statute took effect.

Judge Cowing denied the motion and then addressed Nolan. He said that the latter had had a fair and impartial trial and had as counsel the ablest criminal lawyer practising at the General Sessions bar.

"It seems to me that no insane person would have done as you did. You watched your opportunity, lurked around the home of the victim looking for a chance to kill, and you did kill.

"I wish I could talk over your head to all others and tell them of the ignominious death which awaits them if they follow in your footsteps. I feel it my duty to advise you to repent in order that you may be prepared for the great change that awaits you.

He then sentenced Nolan to be hanged April 26, 1889.

Under Sheriff Gilroy took Nolan in charge and lodged him again in the Tombs. Lawyer Howe will appeal the case.

ALL PLEADED NOT GUILTY

Mrs. Olive E. Friend, William E. Howard. Mrs. Emily Howard, George Halstead and Orrin Augustus Halstead, the electric sugar con-spirators, were arraigned before Recorder smyth at General Sessions this afternoon.

Smyth at General Sessions this afternoon.

They all pleaded not guilty to three indictments each for grand larceny, with leave to withdraw the pleas before next Tuesday.

Lawyer Howe claimed that no offense known to the law had been committed by the defendants, and claimed that President Cottrill, of the Electric Reining Company, had hoodwinked the District-Attorney, to cover up his own nefarious operations.

He asked for a reasonable amount of bail, while Assistant District-Attorney Davis wanted \$10,000 for each on each indictment.

The Recorder said he would decide on the amount of bail on Monday, and remanded the prisoners to the Tombs.

Mr. Howe told the Court very impressively that Mrs. Friend still possesses the great secret of her departed husband.

IS THE NIPSIC SUNK?

BRESLAU, March 8. -The Schlevische Zeitung prints the following sensational private telegram from Samoa:

The German corvette Olga has bombarded Mataafa's camp. The Captain of the American man-of-war protested, but seeing his protest disregarded he opened fire on the Olga. The shell burst between decks, doing much damage. The Olga then directed a torpedo at the American ship, blowing her up with all hands."

The above report is given for what it may be worth. Very little credence is placed in it by the State Department at Washington or by well-informed persons here.

A similar report, however, came from another source a few days ago.

The Nipsic is a wooden-screw steamer of 1, 390 tons, and is a third-rater. She was built by John Roach in 1873, and carries 120 officers and men.

Two Stories of a Stabbing. Frank Variollo, of 75 Mulberry street, was held at the Tombs Court to-day for stabbing John Cook, of 65 Mulberry street, during a John Cook, or So aminorry street, quring a fight last night. Variollo says that he was at-tacked, unprovoked, by Cook, while Cook's friends say that the latter was only protecting his sister-in-law from Variollo's insults. Cook is in Chambers Street Hospital.

The Quotations. American Cotton Oil. Open High Lose 5816

I	Atch., Top. & Sante Fe	5139	5194	5124
١	Brunswick Land	HAM	2512	2176
١	Cameron Coa	7:352	34	7 374
ł	Cameron Coal Cleve., Col., Cin. & Ind Chesapeake & Ohio	70%	7114	70%
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ı	Northern Pacific	20%	2474	2014
	Northern Pacific ofd	1011	19217	. 6914
Ì	Oregon Railway & Navigation Oregon Transcontinental	1111	1016	1015
ı	Oregon Improvement	56%	56%	56
1	Oregon Short Line	97%	9.734	5096
ı	Pipe Lene certificates	1712	3814 0144	91
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	Wheeling & Lake Erie	0434	6434	6434
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One Hundred and Klebton

Surveyor of the Port.

WHO KILLED HIM? President Harrison Said to Have Definitely Promised It Him.

Naval Officer Burt Claiming to Hold On for Two Years Yet.

Matters at the Custom-House are at a crisis just now, and every one seems to be waiting for something to turn up. It is only neces-sary to go a little beneath the surface to discover that an immense amount of log-rolling and wire-pulling is going on.

The great questions as to who will be the next Collector, the next Surveyor and the next Naval Officer have not yet been answered by any one, and all the old hands are at sea over the conundrum. Naval Officer Silas W. Burt is taking things very easily and says he has not the slightest intention of resigning.

has not the slightest intention of resigning, claiming that his term of office does not expire till May, 1891.

"But do you expect to hold office until that time?" he was asked.

"Well, that's a question I don't profess to be able to answer," he replied with the slightest indication of a quiver in his upper left eyelid. "I'm not an offensive partisan. Why shouldn't I stay?"

There is one thing pretty well settled, however, in the opinion of the insiders at the Custom-House, and that is that Col. John W. Jacobus is going to step into the shoes of Capt. Hans F. Beattle, the present Surveyor of the Port.

It was stated this morning, on excellent authority, that the Surveyorahip had been definitely promised to him by President Harrison, and he has the entire Republican State Committee, as well as influential members of the National Republican Committee, at his back to support his claims.

Col. Jacobus is already hailed as the coming man. His brilliant war record, as well as his effective work for the party for many years, have, his friends claim, entitled him, in the President's opinion, to more than ordinary consideration; for according to this Administration party service is not an obstacle to political preferment. Mr. Jacobus

Administration party service is not an ob-stacle to political preferment. Mr. Jacobus is now in Washington, where he went to attend the inauguration, and he is expected to return with the appointment in his pocket.

COLTS UNDER THE HAMMER

The second and last day of the sale of California trotting stock was begun in the presence of a crowd even larger than that which was

Among those present to-day were J. H. Shults, Col. Broadhead, representing J. J. Alexander, of the Woodburn Farm, Ky.; J. J. Gal-way, John Splan, Gen. Turner, C. J. Hamlin, Dr. Fowler, Robert and David Bonner, Mat Burns, Haggins, the trainer, and F. D. Stout. Mr. Rose was simply bubbling over with happiness, for the success his colts met with yesterday places the Californian stock at the top of the heap, not barring even Kentucky.

The sum total far exceeded Mr. Rose's expec

tations.

That many of the coits were bought in by Kentuckians added to his gratification.

To-day's catalogue included the consignments of Messrs. H. M. Johnston, G. Valensin and William Corbitt.

Mr. Johnston's stock was chiefly Hamble-tonism.

Mr. Valensin's stock was for the most part from his famous pacing stallion Sidney, 2, 1994, sired by Santa Claus, 2, 1734, out of Sweetness, 2, 2134.

Mr. Corbitt's consignment was the largest, and was from the famous George Wilkes blood. The sale was begun by Mr. Kellogg at 10 celock.

The sale was begun by Mr. Kellogg at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Johnston's consignment was the first offered and the sale was started with No. 81, a gray filly, two years old, sired by A. W. Richmond. J. H. Schultz, of Brooklyn, a large purchaser yesterday, bought the filly for \$700.

No. 83, the brown colt Trebizond, 1887, sired by Stamboul, was next on the list, and was sold after some sharp bidding to J. C. Ware, of Wareham, Mass., for \$2,150.

No. 84, 8id, a bay colt, born in March, 1886, sired by Judge Salisbury. son of Nutwood, 2,1856, sold to J. S. Field, of Easton, Pa.

No. 85, Compadre, a two-year-old chestnut colt, sold for \$275 to J. C. Bartlett, of Fort Plain.

colt, soil: for \$2.70 to a colt foaled in 1886, Plain.

No. 86. Nopal, a roan colt foaled in 1886, brought \$400 from R. C. Hadden.

No. 87, a black colt two years old, sired by Monroe Chief, brought but \$250, J. C. Cooper, of Philadelphia, purchaser.

No. 88, b. c., March, 1887, sold for \$425 to the Maple Valley Stock Farm through J. C. McCov.

Coy.

No. 89, Jocevish, a black colt, four years old, sold to E. F. Doolittle, New York City, for sold to E. P. Doolittie, New York City, 10, \$345.

No. 90, Hemet, a chestnut two-year-old and one of the two thoroughbreds of the sale, was knocked down to the Castle Stable at the small figure of \$925.

No. 91, L. J. Rose stepped in and bought the second of the thoroughbreds—Manola, chestnut filly, two years old—for \$500.

This ended the Johnston consignment. The small prices paid were doubtless due to the fact that in most cases the pedigrees of the grand-dams were not traced.

lams were not traced.

The pacing stock of Mr. Valensin was next on

the list.

No. 101. a brown filly, sired by Antevolo, No. 101. a brown filly, sired by Antevolo, 2.1946, he by Electionesr, was the first sold. She brought \$720 from John Sharp.

No. 102. Midnight, a finely bred black filly, but with a streak of thoroughbred in her makeup, brought but \$860. F. Conlan, of Boston, became the filly's owner.

No. 103. Highland Lass, a brown filly, two years old, sired by Sidney, showed up well on the track and brought \$1,325, from F. Bowne, of Finshing.

No. 104. Daly, a hay cold the stream of the track and brought \$1,325, from F. Bowne, of Finshing.

the track and brought \$1,325, from F. Bowne, of Flushing.
No. 104, Daly, a bay colt, two years of age, sired by Sidney, sold to F. L. Herdic for \$1,025.
No. 105, Catherine, a bay filly, two years old, with a splendid action, sired by Sidney, was bought by Robert Bouner for \$3,000.
No. 106, Mariana, another two-year-old by Sidney, brought the same price as did Catherine. J. H. Shuitz was the buyer.
No. 107, Junette, chestaut filly sired by St. Nicholas, son of Sidney, sold for \$725 to M. Paterson, of Almont, Out.
No. 108, Tho, a chestant two-year-old colt, brought \$1,700 from R. C. Hedden.
No. 110, Sister Antonio, a bay colt one year No. 110, Sister Antonio, a bay colt one year old. sired by Bidney, sold to W. H. Lines for \$1,125. No. 111, Lynny, a brown yearling colt, also sired by Sidney, brought \$450 from A. John-No. 112, Fanny L., chestant filly, one year old, sold for \$1,050 to J. H. Shultz.

No. 114, Estelle, shestant filly, one year old, sold for \$1,050 to J. H. Shultz.

No. 115, Estelle, shestant filly, one year old, ot do yestaley, throughbred on her dam's side, old for \$750 to Walter R. Willett, of Roslyn.

No. 115, Judge C., chestant colt, sired by Sidney, brought \$850 from W. Bowne.

No. 116, Sidnida, a yearing, daughter of Sidney, the last of Mr. Valensin's consumment, was bid in by J. W. Daly, of Mount Riseo, for \$1,100.

Miss M. C. De Graffenreid, of the United States Labor Bureau. Toke of "The Wage-Earners of New York "at the Women's Conference to-day, and several city factory girls gave their experi-

Was the Wechsung Atrocity the

THE EVENING WORLD" GIVES CLUES.

Work of a Chinaman?

Murdered Man Had Had Trouble With His Laundryman.

Sam Wah Said: "I Fix Him. I Fix Him."

HAS THE CHINAMAN FLED?

One of the Most Brutal Grimes Ever Committed in This City.

The brutal and unparalleled butchery of Guenther Wechsung, the drug clerk emloyed in Otto Doepfner's drug store, at 937 Third avenue, between 7 and 7.10 o'clock yesterday morning, has horrified the entire

Nothing to equal it in savagery has ever before occupied the attention of the police. Who killed him? What was the motive? are questions which Capt. Warts, of the Fifty. first street police station, and a corps of Inspector Byrnes's trained detectives are doing heir utmost to solve.

Wechsung was a single man. His friends never heard that he had an enemy. An Evening World reporter, investigating the case this morning, found that the only

person with whom he was at variance is a Chinsman named Sam Wah, who keeps a laundry at 157 East Fifty-seventh street. Sam Wah says he has been sixteen years in the country.

Weehsung used to have his linen washed and ironed there until six weeks ago, when he

quarrelled with Sam.

Their trouble arose over a white shirt, the bosom of which Wechsung said had been ruined by the Chinaman in ironing.
Sam Wah said the stains complained of
were made by medicine, and were on the
shirt when sent to him, and that he could not

get them out,
When THE EVENING WORLD reporter saw When THE EVENING WORLD reporter saw the Chinaman this morning, the latter was very angry, excited and almost livid in color. He told the reporter in broken English about his trouble with Wechaung, and frequently remarked, "I fix him, I fix him," "How did you fix him, I fix him," "How did you fix him, I fix him," I know, I know. He sue me for \$2.50. I no care for \$2.50, but he no get it from me. I get a Lawyer Myers to defend me in court, but Wechsung he no there yesterday."

SAM WAH KNEW. "He was murdered, chopped to pieces with a hatchet," said the reporter.

"Yes, I know, but he no come to court. He dead, He no get \$2.50 from me," responded the Chinaman.

"Did you see him yesterday?" asked the

"Did you see him yesterday?" asked the reporter.
"Me? No."
"When did you see him last?"
"Last week some time."
After that Sam Wah refused to answer direct questions, but continue to talk excitedly, and with great volubility, about Weeksung suing him for \$2.50. NO ONE ENEW ABOUT THE TROUBLE WITH

Druggist Doepfusr knew nothing of this trouble between the Chinaman and his clerk. Neither did the boy employed in the store. Neither did the police, but if they work up the clue they may discover some valuable information.

LIKE A CHINESE CRIME. The crime is essentially Chinese in its description. The only statement made by Wechsung when he was found dying on the floor were the mutiered words.

"I was sitting down on the sofa tying up my shoestring when some one hit me and I fell down on the floor. Then he hit me, oh, so many times,"

Wechsung came from Klausthal, a village in the mining district of the Hartz Mountains and was educated at the University of Gottingen.

ingen. A SOLDIER IN THE PEUSSIAN ARMY. He served his time in the Prussian army, His father and mother are still living in Prussia. He came to America three years

He went to work first for Mr. Dospfner. He went to work first for Mr. Dospfner.
On the 6th of January. 1888, he left him because his employer objected to his drinking
beer in the store when he was out.

Then he went to work for Mrs. Thalberg
Bildenfeld, of 3 Second avenue, whose hushand was killed two days later from the
effects of a blow it is said he had received
at the hands of another clerk named Andreas
Holm.

Helm and Wechsung were friends. The Holm.

Holm and Wechsung were friends. The latter afterwards went to Brooklyn and worked at 1242 Bedford avenue and 1091 Ful-

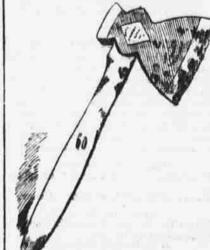
BACK AT DOEPFNER'S. Recently he got out of employment. On Jan. 10, 1889, hearing that Mr. Doepfner wanted a clerk again he applied to him for his old position and got it.

He slept in a narrow, cell-like room behind

the prescription counter.

HOW HE SPENT WEDNESDAY. Wednesday was his day off. How he spent it up to 5.80 P. M. is pot known, but at that

time he met Leo Paulsen, another clerk in a drug store, at Filty-eighth street and Third avenue, and together they went to supper at



THE HATCHET THAT DID THE PATAL WORK.

Mrs. Henney's house, corner of Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue.

Then they went downtown to a friend's house on Houston street, where they remained a few minutes.

Upon leaving they separated, Paulsen going to a German society meeting on Eleventh street. He don't know where Wechsung went.

went.

He met him again at 11 r. n. in a saloon at
Fifty-eighth street and First avenue. He was
drinking beer with a man named Lentz and

a stranger.

The latter made a disparaging remark just as Paulsen joined the party about Emperor William of Germany, at which Wechsung WOULDN'T HEAR HIS EMPREOR INSULTED.

wouldn't hear his emprior insulted.

"We are German soldiers, and I will not stay to listen to my Emperor insulted."
He walked out with Paulsen and Leniz.
The latter went up First avenue.
Wechsung started for his drug store, and Paulsen went to his on the corner.
While unlocking the door the stranger came up to him and said:

"It is all right, Mr. Paulsen. I meant no harm."

harm." "All right. Good night," and they parted. The stranger wore a gray shirt and derby

THE TIME OF THE MURDER.

At 6.58 o'clock yesterday morning, William Krulsch, the errand boy, arrived at the store. He saw the time by the clock in the window. He rattied the handle of the door, until Wechsung came to open it.

Wechsung were his trousers, white shirt, and was in his stocking feet. The boy is sure he had no more clothing on.

"Good-morning. How many degrees is it?" he cried cheerily.

"About thirty below," said the boy. This was a standing weather loke between them every morning.

THE BOY WENT TO THE BARERY,

Krulisch went in and shut the stove, to get the fire going well. Then the boy started for Loster's bakery, on Third avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, to get two rolls for Mr. Doepfner's breakfast, when he should arise, at 9 o'clock. The clerk did not go to the money-drawer, and the boy was going to use his own money to buy the rolls. He looked at the clock going out, and saw that it was 7.05.

Plumber McCreery, who hves two flights above the drug store, has a shop in the basement.

He opened up he thinks at 6.30 yesterday morning. He sent two of his men away and a boy, and then went upstairs to see if there were any packages for him.

were any packages for him.

The druggist used to receive goods for him that came at night.

He thinks it was about 7.20 when he went into the drug store. The front door was open a little way. He walked in but could see no one.

see no one.
''Anything here for me?" he shouted, and heard a faint murmer come from behind th

TIRED OF WAITING.

Thinking it came from Wechsung, telling him to wait, he stood for a few minutes drumming on a show case.

While there another man went in, looked through the Directory, and went out.

Becoming impatient, McCreery cried again.

"Have you anything for me?" This time the murnur that answered was so evidently a source of pain that he rushed in behind the prescription counter to see what was the matter.

He nearly fell over the prostrate body of the drug clerk, who lay face downward in a pool of blood, his body in the antercom be-hind the prescription department, h's head lying on the threshhold of the door. The room was dark, the curtain being down, but dark as it was McCreery saw a fearful sight as he stooped over to lift the fallen man un.

man up.

He saw the head lying in a pool of blood, which flowed quietly away in a thick stream behind the prescription counter, A RIVULET OF BLOOD.

In this gory rivulet were chunks of the poor fellow's skull and pieces of his brain, flowing away like chips in a muddy gutter stream.

A few inches from his head on the floor was Weehsung's right hand. The fingers had been cut clean off, as if with 'a single blow, and the thumb only hung by a shred.

McCreery turned him over. Wechsung's face was indistinguishable for its mask of blood. Porticus of it were chopped away,

HE WAS STILL ALIVE.

Strange to say, life was not extinct.
Out of this battered and bleeding, partially dissevered headpiece, came the words slowly mumbled:
"Chopped me. I was sitting on the sofa—
trip when some one hit

tying—my shoestring—when some one hit me—and—I fell—on—the floor. Then he hit me so many times." McCreery could stand no more. He turned to run for assistance.

WHO OPENED THE DOOR?

WHO OPENED THE DOOR?

He saw the always locked door leading into the hallway from the prescription-room ajar. He rushed to it, opened it wide, and ran into an areaway behind, screaming:
"Doepfner, Doepfner."

"The druggist never arises until 9 A. M. He slept in a small room behind the doorway. McCreery's screams aroursed him. He became so agitated that he could not open the door; then he chimbed through a window into Wechsung's bedroom and so got in that way into the room where his clerk was dying. There McCreery joined him.

him.

He looked for a second only at Wechsung
Then he rushed for a sponge to wash off the He met Krulisch, the boy, returning with the rolls, "Rush, rush, for God's mke, a doctor!" The boy sped away, returning a few moments later with Dr. Maguire, of 146 East Fifty-eighth street.

A BLOODY HATCHET FOUND.

While waiting for the physician's strival

the draggist found a bloody hatchet on the threshold of Weebsung's bedroom.

He also noticed that the money drawer was open, and that \$11 in silver which he left there on Wednesdav night had disappeared.

When he and McCreery opened the blinds and lifted Wechsung on the little sofa in the room they hearly fainted with fright.

The right side of the head had been literally chopped as fipe as minee-meat by respected blows of the hatchet.

The weapon was new apparently, gilded, on the helve, but steeped in blood.

The handle was of wood and white and had so marked on it. It also bore the legend, "tempered steel," but the edge of the helve.



WHERE THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OCCURRED. was best where it had come into collision with the unhappy man's skull. TWENTY-TWO WOUNDS.

When the doctor came he ordered an ambulance sent for. While awaiting its arrival he counted eight deep cuts from the full edge of the hatchet ou the man's head and neck. The police of the Fitty-first street station counted fourteen other gashes in the breast, back and collar of his overcoat.

back and collar of his overcoat.

A STRANOR PROCEEDING.

The murderer may have thrown the cost over the man's head and back before beginning his bloody work, probably to prevent his sereams being heard.

An ambulance from Bellevae Hospital arrived and took Wechsung to that institution, where he died at 5 v. M. yesterday.

How the murderer got in and left the store in the fifteen minutes intervening between the departure of the boy Krulich and his return has not been clucidated.

The drug store runs parallel with a curious hallway.

The drug store runs parallel with a curious hallway.

In this hallway a flight of stairs run up to the first floor, both from the front and rear.

At the foot of the stairs in the rear are two doors. One leads into the antercom behind the prescription counter, the other into a norrow court-yard between the antercom and Mr. Deepfiner's sleeping apartment.

The latter is not married. Between bis bedroom and the antercom is situated the cell-like bedroom in which Weehaung used to sleep, and this takes up half the length of the court-yard.

to sleep, and this takes up half the length of the court-yard.

Mr. Doepfner heard no cries, and the police think that the very first blow inflicted on Wechsung robbed him of the power of loud speech.

From an Evening World reporter's observation this morning it seemed most likely that the murderer critered the store by the front door, walked softly into the rear room, where Wechsung was tying his shoe, and then chopped him suddenly and savagely on the head before he had time to look up.

After completing his bloody work the fiend coolly walked to the side door leading into the rear hall, unlocked and unbolted it, leaving it slightly sjar after him.

All he had to do then was to walk up the flight of stairs from the back and go down the front flight, letting himself into the street.

When Wechsung was found he only had

When Wechsung was found he only had one shoe on. The other was lying near by. TWO UNENOWN MEN.

Two unknown men were seen in the neighborhood. One rang the hailway bell about 7 o'clock, and Mi's Bella Kraft, whose mother has an intelligence office one flight up, pulled the latch to let him in.

She had just arisen and was only partly robed. She stood at ber door long enough to see the head and body of a man appear coming upstairs, and then not recognizing him, she shut the door to. She says she heard him walk across the hall to the flight of stairs down in the rear, but can not may positively that he descended them.

Druggist Doepfner is positive that the side door leading into the rear hall was looked and bolted when he went to bed Wednesday night. He thinks Weehsung got home about midnight, but he always entered by the front door.

midnight, but he always entered by the front door.

This morning The Evenino World reporter was told by C. C. Ellis, a baker across the street from the drug-store, that at about 7 o'clock yesterday morning he saw a stout, round-faced man with a black mustache, gray suit of clothes and black derby bat by the front door of the drug store, as he was crossing the street to go to a barber-ahop.

crossing the street to go to a barber-shop.

In this another clue?

The man could not get in, superently, and turning away walked into a saloon next door.

Fifteen minutes later M. Owens, foreman in Mr. Ellis's bakery, left the shop to go to breakfast and he saw a man answering the same description trying the door again apparently, and smoking a cigar.

Mr. Owens did not notice him long enough to see whether he was going in or coming out of the store at the time. The police are all at sea, or at least they seem to be, in arriving at theories regarding the crime.

THINK THERE'S A WOMAN IN THE CARR. Some of them think there was a woman in

ment of any kind with any one of the female sex.

He led's life entirely free and blameless. Some of the detectives on the case think it was a Chinese murder, on account of its peculiar bloodihirstiness and the number and ferocity of blows that were struck.

The hatchet was made by H. T. String & Co., of Cievaland. The detectives said tedy that they could not find a store in the city where the hatchets of H. T. String & Co. are sold.

Mr. Doepfner says he will stand the expense of Wechsang's burial. He instructed Undertaker Kolb, of Second avenus, between Fifty second and Fifty-third street, to go to Bellevas Hospital for the body this morning.

THE PUNERAL TO-MORROW. The funeral will probably take place to-morrow. Mr. Doepfner says he thinks the dead man has just one relative, an uncle, in this country, and he lives in this city. He had not heard from him this morning and does not know his address.

An Evening World reporter returned Sam Wah's laundry at 1 P. M., but the Cal tial was reported "out" by his two almost eyed assistants.

the case.

Every one who knew Wechwing soons this idea. He never eared for female society.

He was never known to have an entanglement of any kind with any one of the female

SAM WAH OUT.